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FARMER JOHN'S RETURN.

Home from his journey Farmer John
Arrived this morning safe and sound;
His black coat off, and his old clothes on,
"Now I'm myself," says Farmer John;
And he thinks, "I'll look around."
Up leaps the dog—"Gee down, you pup!
Are you so glad you would eat me up?"
And the old cow lows at the gate to meet him:
"Well, well, old Gray!
Ha, ha, old Gray!"
Do you get good feed when I am away?
"You have not a rib!" says Farmer John,
"The cattle are looking round and sleek;
The colts is going to be a roan,
And a beauty, too; how he has grown!
We'll wear the calf next week."
Says Farmer John, "When I've been off,
To call you again about the trough,
And watch you, and pet you while you drink,
Is a greater comfort than you think!"
And he pats old Bay,
And he slaps old Gray;
"Ah, this is the comfort of going away!"
"For, after all," says Farmer John,
"The best of the journey is getting home.
I've seen great sights; but would I give
This spot, and the peaceful life I live,
For all their Paris and Rome?
These hills for the city's stifled air,
And big hotel, and bustle and glare,
Land all houses, and roads all stoned,
That deafen your ears, and batter your bones."
Would you, old Bay?
Would you, old Gray?
That's what you get by going away!"
"Their money is king," says Farmer John,
"And fashion is queen; and its mighty queer
To see how sometimes, while the man,
Raking and scraping all he can,
The wife spends every year,
Enough you would think for a score of wives,
To keep them in luxury all their lives!
The town is a perfect Babylon
To a quiet chap," says Farmer John.
"You see, old Bay,
You see, old Gray,
I'm wiser than when I went away."
"I've found out this," says Farmer John,
"That happiness is not bought and sold,
And clutched in a life of waste and hurry,
In nights of pleasure and days of worry,
And wealth isn't all in gold;
But in simple ways and sweet content,
Few wants, pure hopes, and noble ends,
Some land to till and a few good friends,
Like you, old Bay,
And you, old Gray,
That's what I've learned by going away!"
And a happy man is Farmer John,
O, a rich and happy man is he;
He sees the peace and pumpkins growing,
The corn in tassels, the buckwheat blowing,
And fruit on vine and tree;
The large, kind oxen look their thanks
As he rubs their foreheads and strokes their
flanks;
The doves light round him, and strut and coo,
Says Farmer John, "I'll take you too,
And you, old Bay,
And you, old Gray,
Next time I travel so far away!"

AN ORIGINAL NOVELLETTE.

"A Heroine of To-Day."

WRITTEN FOR THE HARTFORD HERALD,
By VIOLA.

CHAPTER III.

How often, when we are about to real-
ize the fond desire that has nestled in our
hearts since youth, the cup of disappoint-
ment is thrust to our lips and we are
obliged to drink deeply of its contents, too
often to the very dregs.
Thus felt Latta Green, when she and
Fido, the old associate of her childhood,
went to bid farewell to her mother's grave
before returning to school. Weeks had
sped by since her mother's death, but she
was so stupefied with grief that neither Mr.
or Mrs. Ellis could summon courage to ask
her to return to school. When they did
so, she looked vacantly at them for a while,
and then said:
"Yes, I will return, my kind benefactors,
as you desire it so much. But why should
I? Whom have I to live for now?—whom
to look forward with bright anticipations
when my education is completed? No one!
no one for my angel mother has gone!"
She broke down at this, and laying her
head in Mrs. Ellis' lap burst into a vio-
lent fit of weeping.
Mrs. Ellis spoke of the deep interest she
and her husband felt in their bereaved
protégée—how anxious for her welfare; and
as Latta grew quiet she went on to speak
of her mother, who would watch over her
daughter from her angelic home; and that
daughter should not swerve from duty,
even to herself or others. Though she
thought none cared for her talents, God
had bestowed them on her, and how neces-
sary it was to put them to use rather
than bury them in her grief.
After this conversation Latta became
cheerful and more reconciled to fate.
As I have said, she had come to take
a farewell leave of her mother's grave.
Just before quitting the cemetery, she
knelt solemnly down by the mound which
contained her dear one, and resting her
burning brow against the cold slab that
marked her mother's last resting-place,
lifted soul and voice in prayer to that be-
nignant Being who has promised to be a
father to the fatherless.
So earnestly was she engaged that she
did not heed a footstep that approached,
until a sharp bark from Fido warned her
that she was not alone.
She looked up hastily, and beheld a
stranger, a gentleman apparently middle-

THE HARTFORD HERALD.

"I COME, THE HERALD OF A NOISY WORLD, THE NEWS OF ALL NATIONS LUMBERING AT MY BACK"

VOL. 1.

HARTFORD, OHIO COUNTY, KY., JUNE 30, 1875.

NO. 26.

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learn that his wife had gone to join her
parents in another world. He sought
her grave to pray his first prayer to God,
and there to offer up the vow of reforma-
tion. And there it was he met his daugh-
ter, as we have seen.
[Continued next week.]

William Grimm's Courtship.

Some people who write books never
marry. It's a pity, because those who
write books are good folks. Jacob and
William Grimm, who wrote fairy stories,
were bachelors. They always lived to-
gether and worked together, and wrote in
a wonderfully contented way before either
had a wife or children. At last, they
thought it best that one of them should
marry. Neither wanted a wife a bit—
which should it be?
After long waiting, Jacob, the older
brother, concluded to be generous and
self-forgetful, and relieve William of his
share of the difficulty by taking the bur-
den of a wife upon himself. So he selected
a handsome young lady, but there he he-
sitated again and delayed, for he did not
like to do the courting. William thought
he would encourage him a little by going
to see the young lady himself. He found
her so handsome and engaging that he
immediately fell in love with her, and to
his surprise found courting the most agree-
able thing in the world. But the lady
was Jacob's by selection—now what was
to be done? Here was trouble again.
An old aunt went to Jacob, very kind-
ly, and said:
"William is in love—he cannot wrong
you—what shall he do?"
"This is the most joyful tidings I ever
heard," said Jacob. "Let him have her,
let him have her!" And he packed his
trunk and started off for the Hartz Moun-
tains.
William married, and Jacob came to
live with him. In time he loved Wil-
liam's wife and little children very much.
One of these children became a noble and
useful man. And the two brothers
grew old together, and when they were
not writing books of great learning they
did that other good thing—wrote fairy
stories for little children.
This story of bachelor Jacob Grimm
reminds me, though I hardly know why,
of the crusty old bachelor who made a will,
leaving his entire fortune to be divided
among the girls who had refused him.
"For to them," he added feelingly, "I
owe all my earthly happiness."

The World of London.

Here are some curious statistics about
London, which we extract from one of the
papers issued by the London city Mis-
sion.
It covers within the fifteen miles' radius
of Charing Cross nearly seven hundred
square miles.
It numbers within these boundaries
4,000,000 inhabitants.
It comprises 100,000 foreigners from
every quarter of the globe.
It contains more Roman Catholics than
Rome itself, more Jews than the whole of
Palestine, more Irish than Dublin, more
Scotchmen than Edinburgh, more Welsh-
men than Cardiff, and more country-born
persons than the counties of Devon, War-
wickshire, and Durham combined.
It has a birth in it every five minutes,
a death in every eight minutes, and seven
accidents every day in its 7,000 miles of
streets.
It has on an average twenty-eight miles
of new streets opened, and 9,000 new
houses built in it every year.
It has 1,000 ships and 9,000 sailors in
its port every day.
It has 117,000 habitual criminals on its
police register, increasing at an average
of 30,000 per annum.
It has as many beer-shops and gin-
palaces as would, if placed side by side,
stretch from Charing Cross to Portsmouth,
a distance of seventy-three miles.
It has as many paupers as would more
than occupy every house in Brighton.
It has an influence with all parts of the
world, represented by the yearly delivery
of its postal districts of 228,000,000
letters.

Mark Twain, in a letter to the inventor
of a mosquito net, talks in this way about
the only thing worth talking about, now
that the third term is gone: "There is
nothing that a just and right-feeling man
rejoices in more than to see a mosquito
imposed on and put down and brow-beaten
and aggravated, and this ingenious con-
trivance will do it. And it is a rare thing
to worry a fly with it. A fly will stand
off and curse this invention till language
utterly fails him. I have seen them do it
hundreds of times. I like to dine in the
air on the back porch in summer, and so
I would not be without this portable net
for anything. When you get it hoisted
the flies have to wait for the second bat-
tle. We shall see the summer come when we
shall sit under our nets in church and
slumber peacefully, while the discomfited
flies club together and take it out of the
minister. There are heaps of ways of get-
ting priceless enjoyment out of these
charming things, if I had time to point
them out and dilate on them a little."

A burglar in North Carolina, who was
shot by a farmer, was found to be a wo-
man in male attire.

Hypocrisy is the homage that vice pays
to virtue.

Buckskin Jack.

There is now in the city stopping at the
house of Fred Evans, as genuine a speci-
men of the American frontiersman as
ever formed the central figure about which
the dime novelist weaves his most fasci-
nating tale of border life. Our hero for
the nonce is Jack Rand, or as he is com-
monly called, Buckskin Jack, from the
fact that his dress throughout is of buck-
skin. He stands six feet five inches in
his stockings, and has one of those spare
built, wiry frames which denote great
strength and powers of endurance. From
boyhood he has followed hunting as an
occupation, and for several years past
has made the wilds of Northern Wiscon-
sin his home. When the Black Hills
fever became epidemic, filled with the
love of adventure peculiar to his class, he
at once came to this city and joined the
Gordon expedition. Soon after leaving
here Jack was appointed hunter and scout
for the train, and as soon as the game
country was reached he kept the several
mesas well supplied with antelope, deer,
bear, etc. But it is with Buckskin Jack's
principal adventure, and which came
near costing his life, that we have to deal
in this article, and which, if for no other
reason, is interesting as showing the
WONDERFUL ENDURANCE

of a man. On the morning of the first
capture of the Gordon party, Jack started
out on a scout of twenty or twenty-five
miles up the river, and aside from looking
out for soldiers and Indians, was to se-
lect a camping place for the night. The
latter duty performed, he waited until
sundown for the men and wagons to
come up, but they not coming, he con-
cluded that something was wrong, and start-
ed back down the river. Reaching the
camping-place of the night previous, he
learned from the three men who had
been out hunting, and thereby escaped
capture, that the military captured the
expedition and started for Randall. The
four men stayed there that night,
and without anything to eat. In the
morning they started in the direction the
soldiers had taken with their prisoners.
On the way they met the Collins broth-
ers who, with three ponies, had made
their escape and were headed for the
hills, and from them learned that Gor-
don and Romans had also eluded the vigi-
lance of the soldiers, and were then on
their way up the Niobrara. Two of
Jack's comrades went on and gave them-
selves up, while Jack and the other
turned back, thinking they could over-
take Gordon. On the tramp, they were
overtaken by Evans, who came out with
a team to bring them in. The other
men weakened and decided to go into the
camp, but Jack was spunky and swore
he wouldn't, but would go to Gordon.
Evans gave him a little bite to eat, also
his boots and socks, and shaking his
hands, bid him good-bye, when the scout
was

ALONE ON THE PRAIRIE.

For a moment he watched the fast re-
ceding form of his friends, and then
turned his face to the western wild, struck
Gordon's trail, and hoped to sup with
him that night. Reaching the old camp,
he appeased his hunger with some cast-
away bacon rinds, and going on about
ten miles laid down on the prairie and
slept, having given up hope of overtaking
Gordon that night. In the morning he
resumed his march. For six successive
days he wandered here and there, his
course being first in one direction and then
in another as indications pointed. He
struck several trails, but would lose them
on the hard alkali soil, and what the man
endured from hunger and thirst can not
be expressed in words. He finally got so
that he did not crave food, and only longed
for water, and when he would reach a river
or creek he would throw himself down
and lap the cooling liquid like a dog. He
was forced to throw away his gun, and
that, he says, was the hardest thing of all
to do, and then the boots Evans had given
him, and finally his coat. He got so weak
that he would have to lie down every few
rods, and still his courage never deserted
him, and his

WONDERFUL VITALITY.

and indomitable will kept him alive where
any ordinary mortal would have perished.
Finally, on the seventh day out, when he
felt that his hours were few, he saw the
returning wagons of the transportation
company in the distance coming down the
trail, and now that he knew deliverance
was at hand, his strength suddenly de-
serted him, and he pitched forward sense-
less. The men picked him up, and after
considerable exertion, restored him to
consciousness. His famished body could
not at first stand anything more than nour-
ishing soups, but under the careful atten-
tion of Fred Evans he was soon out of
danger, and accompanied the wagons to
this city. Here he will stay until he re-
covers his accustomed vigor, when he de-
clares his intention of again striking out
for the Black Hills.

An almost ridiculous use of steam is
found on Duck river, Tenn., on which
placid stream a steamboat, drawing only
twelve inches of water, and having a grist
mill on board, wanders up and down,
stopping where she is wanted to grind a
bushel or two of corn for the farmers of
the territory.

"Tickets, Sir."

This is the way it happened in a town
not far from Elmira. One of the regular
attendants at Central Church is a railroad
conductor. He is regular, not so much
from any personal inclination for Calvin-
ism as from the fact that he has a first-
rate Presbyterian wife, who keeps him
in the way he should go. A few Sundays
since, one of the deacons was absent, and
our conductor was requested to pass the
plate. Of course he consented. For the
first dozen pews everything passed off
well. There was a regular financial
shower of nickels and dimes, and the
railroad man watched sharp, but couldn't
see that anybody "got away" without re-
sponding. Finally he came to a seat
where the occupant was either busted or
disinclined, for he shook his head, but
made no attempt on his pocket. The
conductor looked at him sharply, but no
cash appeared. Then he nudged the
shoulder, and softly said, "Tickets, sir!"
Again the man's head wagged horizontal-
ly, but the stamps didn't come. "Pass,
then," whispered the conductor. Still
no response. Just as the railroad chap was
about to call to the brakeman and fireman
to help pitch the impetuous worshiper
out of doors, the regular deacon came in
and relieved his proxy. The conductor
says he believes in running a church the
same way you would a train—if a man
won't pay, or hasn't a pass, let him git.

Capart's Servant.

Jules Verne is a wild inventor, and fa-
mous for his improbabilities; but his orang,
"Jupe," in the story of "The Mysterious
Island," that acts as waiter, etc., like an
intelligent negro servant, is no improb-
able creation. The wonderful African
chimpanzee, "Tombouctou," now in Paris,
is a fact, and would make an excellent
mate for Verne's fiction.
He is perfectly tame and gentle. While
his master, M. Capart, lived at Sierra Le-
one, he filled in his house the office of do-
mestic, saluting visitors, opening doors, etc.
When they embarked for France, Tombou-
ctou suffered some days from sea sick-
ness, but after his recovery he jumped
about on deck, on yard arms and masts,
and became a great favorite with the sail-
ors. When the ship was entering the Gulf
of Gascony, Mme. Capart was startled at
missing her baby, a child eight months
old. Looking about her, and then up to-
wards the sky, she saw the monkey, with
the baby in his arms, on the top of the
main-mast, gravely seated on a yard arm,
rocking the child to and fro, as he had
seen the mother often do, while now and
then he would give it a pat on the cheek
with his paw.
This lasted for perhaps half a minute;
then, while every eye was upon him, he
executed a prodigious cabriole, descended
in an instant the backstay, and, hooking
himself by his tail to the yard-balm, bal-
anced himself with his burden. The
mother screamed, but the captain put his
hand over her mouth, commanding silence,
as the monkey might be frightened and
let go his hold of the baby. Finally came
a dash of sea against and over the ship,
when Tombouctou let go the mast and
fell, but with such address as to catch him-
self with one hand to a ladder, and with
one bound was upon the bridge, with the
baby safe and sound in his arms.

He Knew His Age.

In the times when the political war-
fare between Whigs and Democrats
waxed hot and relentless, there was a
town out West in which the two parties
were so equal in numbers that the varia-
tion of a single vote, one way or the other,
might be a matter of most serious con-
sequence. Of course, on both sides sharp
eyes were open and watchful.

A young man came up to the polling
place on election day and offered his vote.
It was his first appearance in the charac-
ter of an elector, and he had the inde-
pendence, or the audacity, to differ polit-
ically with his father. His father chal-
lenged his vote.

"On what grounds?" demanded the
presiding officer.
"He ain't twenty-one."
"I am twenty-one," asserted the youth.
"No you ain't," persisted the father.
"You won't be twenty-one till to-mor-
row."

"I say I will!" cried the youth. "I
was born on the twelfth day of Novem-
ber. It is down so in the old Bible."
"Then it's a dod-rotted mistake," said
the old man. "You weren't born till the
mornin' of the thirteenth of November, I
can swear."

"How can you swear?"
"How?" replied the father, indignantly.
"Good gracious, wasn't I there?"
"Well," returned the son, with proud
defiance, "wasn't I there, too?"
The young man voted.

An Arkansas youth came to his father
and said: "Dad, they ain't knives enuf
to set the table." Dad—"What's the big
butch, little butch, the case, cob handle,
granny's knife and the one I handled yester-
day? That's enough to set any gen-
tleman's table, without you've lost um."

A farmer complains that a hook and
ladder company has been organized in
his neighborhood. He states that the
ladder is used after dark for climbing into
the hen-house, after which the hooking
is done.

Too Poor To Take A Newspaper.

An anecdote is told of a farmer going
one day to the office of a New York jour-
nal and ordering his paper stopped,
because he was too poor to take it any
longer.

"Suppose we make a bargain," said
the editor, "in this way. Go home and
select a hen that shall be called my hen;
sell the eggs that the hen lays during the
year, and send the proceeds to me as your
subscription for the paper."

The farmer was pleased at so easy a way
to pay for his paper, and readily consented.
The result was, that during the year
the hen paid for the paper twice its regu-
lar price of subscription.
This is by no means a pure fiction, for
the same may be true in a great multi-
tude of cases. Almost every one wastes
and throws away more than enough mon-
ey during the year to get a weekly or daily
newspaper that would furnish him with
intellectual food, and keep him posted in
the busy, stirring events of the day. A
very small retrenchment in the luxuries
that almost every one indulges in would
secure a daily visitor full of gossip about
the doings of the great world around us,
full of stirring events in the history that
is every day being made in our own coun-
try, and full of useful, general informa-
tion, and facts in literature, science, and
art. Besides, it is the duty of the people
to support the press, for it has always stood
as a grand bulwark between them and
political military oppression; it has sound-
ed the notes of warning that has often
aroused them to action; it has stripped
the borrowed cloak from corruption and
venality in high places, and showed them
in all their deformity, and is to-day the
great friend of education, justice, religion
and peace. The press speaks every where,
at all times, carrying light in places where
otherwise perpetual darkness would reign.
And when we remember what the world
would be without the press—how dark-
ness, ignorance, vice and oppression would
flourish unopposed, let no one any longer
say that he is too poor to take a news-
paper.—Printer's Circular.

Believe What Your Mother Has Taught You.

An old story regarding Ethan Allen is
opportunistically revived by the Washington
Chronicle. Allen had the reputation of
being an open unbeliever in Christianity.
He published the first formal attack on
the Christian religion ever written in
America. He inclined to the doctrine of
Pythagoras, and believed in the transmi-
gration of souls. His wife was a woman
of exemplary piety, and his children, with
the exception of one daughter, shared
with the mother in her religious belief.
The daughter inclined to the strange
opinions of the father. When about to
die she sent for him. The rough-spoken
man, whose heart was as tender as a
child's, came to the bedside of the dying
girl. "Father, I am about to die," said
she, "shall I believe in the principles you
have taught me, or shall I believe in
what my mother has taught me?" The
father became agitated, his lips quivered,
tears ran down his cheeks, and bending
over his dying child, he said, with a voice
choked with emotion, "Believe what
your mother has taught you."

Wouldn't Take off Another Foot.

A Highland minister given somewhat
to exaggeration in the pulpit, was remon-
strated with by his clerk, and told of its
ill effects upon the congregation. He re-
plied that he was not aware of it, and
wished the clerk, the next time he did it
to give a cough by way of a hint. Soon
after he was describing Samson's tying
the foxes tails together. He said:
"The foxes in those days were much
larger than ours, and they had tails twenty
feet long."

"Ahem!" came from the clerk's desk.
"That is," continued the preacher, "ac-
cording to their measurement; but by
ours they were fifteen feet long."

"Ahem!" louder than before.
"But as you may think this extrava-
gant, we'll just say they were ten feet."
"Ahem! ahem!" still more vigorously.
The parson leaned over the pulpit, and
shaking his finger at the clerk, said:
"You may cough there all night, mon-
—I'll not take off a fut more. Would ye
hae the foxes with nae teels at a'?"

A Poetical Proposal.

Daniel Webster's proposal to Miss
Fletcher is worth remembering. Like
many other lovers, he was caught holding
a skein of thread or wool which the lady
had been unraveling. "Gracie," said he,
"we have been untying knots. Let us see
if we cannot tie one which will not untie
in a life-time." With a piece of tape he
fashioned half a true love's knot, Miss
Fletcher perfected it, and a kiss put the
seal to the symbolical bargain.

They that deny a God destroy man's
nobility, for certainly man is kin to the
beast by his body; and if he is not kin to
God by his spirit, he is a base and ignoble
creature.

"Mr. D.—, if you'll get my coat done
by Saturday, I shall be forever indebted
to you." "If that's your game it won't
be done," said the tailor.

No man can become thoroughly ac-
quainted with his family history without
running for office.

The Cathedral of Lima, Peru.

There are so few historical buildings in
the New World that the items belonging
to these have always an interest, and
seem to give our young nationalities a link
that connects them in a slight degree
with such buildings as the Alhambra, the
Tuileries, St. Peter's, and Westminster
Abbey. The cathedral at Lima is one of
the few buildings the Americas own pos-
sessing historical importance.

When Pizarro, after reducing the em-
pire of the Incas, determined to found a
city whose extent and magnificence should
be in a measure commensurate with the
importance of his conquest and the glory
of Spain, one of the first buildings de-
signed was a cathedral; for, illiterate and
cruel as the stout old warrior was, he still
had a great veneration for the mysteries
and rites of his religion.

The dimensions of the cathedral, which
was modeled after that of Seville, are truly
such as baffle a vice-regal eye. It has a
front of seven hundred and twenty feet
and a depth of over a thousand feet, and
the front is flanked by towers one hun-
dred and fifty feet high.

It was ninety years in building, and
during that time the men who had fought
and suffered to make Peru a colony of
Spain had passed away, many of them, in
fact the most of them, by a bloody and dis-
graceful death. Even Pizarro, whose career
seems like a fairy tale in which he,
the hero, is guided by a protecting and
favor-giving genius, died by the dastardly
blow of an assassin.

Earthquakes came and shook its walls,
and so the cost of the edifice, even though
the labor was so cheap and the material
often donated, was \$504,000. This does
not include the many beautiful decora-
tions that private piety has bestowed, and
though centuries have rolled over it, giving
it the age-stains that tell of many
years, it is still a rich and imposing build-
ing.—Hearth and Home.

Those Mose.

Paris Cor. Home Journal.
The Paris shops are full of the most
fanciful designs in this one detail of femi-
nine attire. They are made in cream
color, lemon color, orange yellow, straw
color, pink, pale blue, pale green, lilac
light brown, dark brown, crimson, scar-
let, purple—in short, in every shade of
every color. But the precise tint is only
half the question; the designs worked up
on the stockings are by far the most im-
portant part of it, as regards fashion, and
these are of the most varied description.
One pair of stockings which excited much
admiration from the passers of a certain
well-known shop in Paris was in lemon
color, and the instep of each foot was cov-
ered with bunches of black currents, with
their twigs and leaves, most delicately
embroidered in the colored silks. An-
other example of ornamentation lay close
at hand, in the form of a black silk stock-
ing, round the leg of which a garter of
pink rosebuds and leaves winding ap-
ward from the ankle was exquisitely em-
broided. This last fashion is very popu-
lar just now. Stockings so embroidered
are, of course, enormously dear. Few
women can afford to buy many such ex-
pensive articles of dress as these garland-
ed stockings; therefore it becomes a mat-
ter of eager competition among the lead-
ers of fashion to secure as many speci-
mens of the latest rage as their purses
will allow. The mania is instilled, and
henceforth the woman of the world takes
rank according to her stockings. Gar-
lands of flowers do not hold the field
alone, it must be observed. In some
cases inscriptions and devices are em-
broidered round the legs of the modern
stockings, and rows and patterns are
worked in colored silk stars or spots. The
ground, however, of all this work, must
on no account, be white.

An Intelligent Mouse.

A poor little mouse, whose home is
under the floor of the Reville office, came
out this morning to forage for his break-
fast. Seeing some printing ink which
had been spilled on the floor, he thought
that would make a good meal, and he
went for it. After nibbling a little while,
he became frightened at a noise made by
those watching him, and started to run
back to his hole; but the ink being of a
sticky nature, he found his feet held fast
to the floor and himself unable to move,
whereupon he sat up a doleful squeak.
In a few moments along came a larger
mouse, probably his father, who seemed
to take in the situation at a glance, and
at once commenced an attempt to release
his diminutive relative. He stepped care-
fully over the ink till he came to the lit-
tle mouse, and, laying hold of the back
of its neck with his teeth, tugged away
till he released it.

A woman may be of great assistance to
her husband in business, by wearing a
cheerful countenance. A man's perplexi-
ties and gloominess are increased a hun-
dred fold when his better-half moves
about with a continual scowl upon her
brow.

How a woman can keep on talking
while she twists up her back hair and has
her mouth full of hairpins is a mystery
not yet explained.

Be temperate in your diet. Our first
parents ate themselves out of house and
home.